King: How high a pitch his resolution
Thomas of Hastings, it suyest them to
Mow: Oh let my soveraigne turne away
And bid his eares a little while be deafe
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foule a
King: Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdomes
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne,
Now by my Sceptres awe, I make a vow
Such neighbour-nearenesse to our sacred
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright
He is our subject (Mowbray) so art thou
Free speech and freedom, I to thee
Mow: Then Bullingbroke as low as
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callais

Disburst I to his Highnes
The other part reserved
For that my Soveraig
Upon remainder of a d
Since last I went to
Now swallow downe tha
(End of 4.th side)
I slew him not; but to
Neglected my sworne du
For you my Noble Lord
The honourable father
Since I did lay an an
trespasse that doth
But one I last received
I did confesse it, and
Your Grace pardon, and
This is my fault: as fo

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